

There in the old basket is a dress I'm making for her. You can look at it if you want to, but I can't take my hands out of this bread."

Della looked at the dotted calico in the basket and then thought of the dear little white frocks her baby sister wore. Only a few minutes before she came to the kitchen little Grace had soiled her pretty dress and mamma had put on a clean one. "I don't believe Grace has a single calico dress," thought Della, and then she said aloud: "I guess it keeps you busy, Nora, if your sister is as bad about getting her dresses dirty as Grace."

"Maggie has to wear dark dresses for every day," explained Nora. "This is her best dress I am making."

Della soon went soberly into the sitting room to tell mamma that there was a little girl not very far from their house who had not a single white dress, but who would be delighted with the dotted calico when Nora had time to finish it. "I'm glad Grace doesn't have to wear dark calico dresses," she remarked earnestly. "Wouldn't that be just dreadful? If I hadn't spent all my money for papa's birthday present, I'd buy that poor little girl a dress."

"My dear little girl, there are lots of children who must wear rags all the time, and have not even a calico frock for best. You may take that pretty white dress you outgrew last summer for a dress for little Maggie, if you will make it yourself. The goods are fine and new and there is enough embroidery to trim it nicely."

"Do you think I could do that?" asked Della, with shining eyes. "I'd be glad to be able to take it out and surprise Nora."

"Of course you can," said Aunt Belle, coming in in time to hear the conversation. "I'll cut it out right away. I know Maggie, and a sweet little girl she is, too. Run, dear, for the shears and dress."

Aunt Belle cut and basted and helped, and at lunch she and Della could hardly eat a bite, they were so excited. They hurried back to the sitting room, and their needles just fairly flew through the pretty white goods. Della was just sewing some lace on the dainty underwaist when the door flew open and Bessie Ford came in all out of breath.

"What is the matter, Della?" she asked. "You said as soon as the sun shone out you would be down to see me, and here it's been bright and pretty for two whole hours. What in the world are you doing?"

Della explained and soon Bessie was working away with a needle, too. The little dress was soon finished, and a beautiful thing it was with its dainty ruffles and tucks. Aunt Belle did the hardest parts, but Della and Bessie helped till it was done, and then they carried it to the kitchen, where Nora was just folding away her work to get supper.

"Did you get Maggie's dress finished?" asked Della.

"Not quite," said Nora with a little sigh. "My bread took more time and I thought, so I didn't have long to sew. Poor Maggie will be disappointed at not getting to start to Sabbath-school next Sabbath, but I won't have any more time this week."

"How will this do for her?" and Della held up the pretty white dress. "Aunt Belle and Bess and I

made it for her, and we hope she'll wear it to Sabbath-school next Sabbath."

"What do you think Nora did, mamma?" said Della, when they were back in the sitting room. "She kissed us both and then sat down and cried. Wasn't that odd? I don't know whether she liked it very well or not, for I never cry when I'm happy."

"I think Nora cried because she was happy, though," said mamma. "She will enjoy seeing little Maggie in the new dress, but she could not express her happiness in any other way. And now where has the long, dreary day gone?"

"It was a beautiful day," cried Della. "Every rainy day I'm going to try to make some one happy and see if they are all as nice as this one."

"And so am I," said Bessie.—Hilda Richmond, in United Presbyterian.

### THE SAUCER PIE.

Once upon a time there was a saucer pie. A saucer pie is a pie that is baked in a saucer instead of a pan; and, if you have never seen one, I hope you will before you are a hundred years old.

This pie was baked in a saucer that belonged to a little girl named Polly. Her grandmother had given her the saucer, and it was as blue as the sky.

When her mamma took the pie out of the oven, and put it on the table to cool, she said:

"Here is a nice little, brown little pie,  
Baked in a saucer as blue as the sky."

The pie belonged to Polly as well as the saucer. Her mamma had baked it for her because it was her birthday, and she was very proud of it.

"Tell me about it again," she said, as she stood on tiptoe by the table to see it. Then her mamma said:

"Here is a pie that is dainty and sweet,  
Baked in a saucer for Polly to eat."

But Polly did not want to eat her saucer pie by herself. "I will have a party," she said; and away she went, with dancing feet, to call her neighbors in.

There were Martha and Margaret and little boy John, and all of them came to Polly's party.

When they got there, the table was set with Polly's doll dishes, and in the middle of the table was the pie.

"A nice little pie, in a saucer blue,  
Baked in the oven for Polly and you."

said mamma, as she cut the pie, once across this way, and once across that. Each child had a slice; and then, nibble, nibble—

All that was left of the saucer pie  
Was a crumb in the saucer as blue as the sky.

—Maud Lindsay, in Kindergarten Review.

The Christian ought to be very happy. He is at peace with God. The demands of God's laws have been fully met. All his debts have been paid and provision made for future security. He has an unerring guide in the Holy Spirit. He has the sure word God's promises. He has a tender brother by his side, full of sympathy and affection. He has hope and strength, and a strong hand to hold his own even in death. He is the heir of a kingdom. What more could he wish?